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# AUTHOR

by Harrison Rose



At one time there had lived a man  
Who dreamt of worlds as yet unborn.  
This man, an artist at his best  
Created lands not like the rest  
That lie beyond the clouded dreams  
Of worlds and lives, as is in Pan.

One day he made an epic tale  
That slid swiftly like a seal  
Upon the ocean of his mind.  
He realized where he was, the find  
Before him all the golden light  
Sparkling in a seafarer's sail.

There was a sail upon the ship.  
He was the captain, tall and proud.  
He sailed his ship throughout the seas  
Of this world named Pan. "Oh yes, she's  
The best of all my caravels  
On which to take this lonely trip."

The stars flowed past the silken sail;  
The world below glowed green and brown.  
The clouds were white, the sky was blue  
Within the only world he knew.  
The land of Pan was all and grand,  
As was the greatest summer gale.

The Summer-Gale blew great indeed.  
The people hid from storms of wind.  
But when the gales had blown their last  
And then the world remembered past  
Days of glory, love and wonder,  
So was planted flowers and seed.

The seed grew large as does a dream  
And blossomed into lovely plants.  
The dream was scented clear and clean  
While things became that had not been  
Within the framework of this world  
That has the lights that are supreme.

The lights were colors of the rain  
That fell from heaven to this earth  
And flowed through rills within the sky.  
The ships sailed slowly in reply  
To the message from the clouds  
As thunder made the lightning plain.

The author lived within his land.  
He knew no other world at all,  
There were no other worlds at all.  
He felt he had not had to call  
Himself as the author anymore.  
He found, at last, a place to stand.

He wrote his tale in runes of Pinds  
On pillars far above the lake  
Where has been found an ancient ship  
On which he wrote about a trip  
Many years distant in the past.  
Who knows what lies within our minds.